11631 bb 81

THE OXFORD Toasts: A SATIRE.

THE OXFORD Toafts:

A

SATIRE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

STREPHON's Revenge:

A

SATIRE
ON THE
OXFORD Toasts.

Inscrib'd to the Author of MERTON WALKS.

———*moveat Cornicula Risum,*
Furtivis nudata Coloribus——— Hor.
Si Natura neget, facit Indignatio Versum. Juvenal.

The Second Edition Corrected.

LONDON:
Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, at the *Sun* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet:* And Sold by J. BETTENHAM in *Pater-Noster-Row.* 1718.
(Price One Shilling.)

STREPHON's Revenge:

A

SATIRE

ON THE

OXFORD Toafts.

Inscrib'd to the Author of MERTON WALKS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, at the Sun against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet: And Sold by J. BURTENSHAW in Pater-Noster-Row. 1713.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE PREFACE.

POEMS of this Nature are generally interpreted as the Result of Malice or Diſappointment, and the candid Reader is too apt to conclude againſt the Satyriſt, *as a Peeviſh, Ill-natur'd Man, or a Deſperate, Unſucceſsful Lover: However liable I may be to the* former *of theſe Imputations, I eſteem my ſelf ſafe enough againſt the* latter, *from any Perſon who has the leaſt Knowledge of the Ladies, with whom I have to deal in the following Papers; for, alas! Croſſes and Diſappointments in Love, are Things almoſt unknown to our Univerſity-Gallants; it is next to impoſſible for any Thing in*

a Cap and a Gown, that has the Appearance of a Man, a little Money, and a tolerable Assurance, to fail in his Addresses; they strike into any Measures and catch at the first Overtures of Love before Reason and Reflection step in and cool the Heat and Vehemence of a wanton Passion: In short, the Man that dies for Love, at Oxford, is, in the strictest Sense, guilty of Self-Murther, and ought to be treated as such, with all the Ignominious Severity of the Law.

And if a sincere Abhorrence of Pride, Lust, Vanity and Impudence, must be called Malice and Ill-Nature, it is, however, some Comfort to me, to reflect that I am not the only Person to bear the Load; as I am not the only One that has taken Notice of the almost universal Corruption of our Youth, which is to be imputed to nothing so much as to that Multitude of Female Residentiaries, who have of late infested our Learned Retirements, and drawn off Numbers of unwary young Persons from their Studies. They have been indeed very successful in their Labours of Reformation, for (as the Ingenious Author of a Letter upon this Subject, publish'd in the Freethinker, rightly observes)

obſerves) there appears to be a prevailing Antipathy to every thing that is ſerious and laudable, and to even the Name and Character of Scholars; *they look upon* Scholar, *as an unpolite pedantick Word, incompatible with the more pleaſing Names of* clever Fellows, *and* fine Gentlemen: *The Face of Learning is almoſt quite worn off, and it is become highly ſcandalous to carry the leaſt Mark of a Philoſopher about us; a grave Countenance and a ſober Habit, are treated as the Object of Ridicule, and the Perſon who appears not to have made the Faſhions and the* Beau-Monde *the greateſt Part of his Studies, is ſure to be laugh'd at for a dull, heavy, plodding Wretch, a mere* Clown, *or a* Pedant: *There appears on the Foreheads of the greateſt Part of our Students an unthoughtful Openneſs and Levity; and in their Dreſs an unbecoming Shewineſs and Affectation;* Silk-Gowns, Tye-Wiggs, *and* Ruffles, *are become neceſſary Accompliſhments for a Man of Senſe, and our* Colleges, *inſtead of grave Philoſophers and* Literati, *ſwarm with* Smarts *and Foplings, that is, Conſummate* Coxcombs.

*A College-*SMART, *is a Character, which few perhaps are acquainted with; He is one that ſpends his Time in a conſtant Circle of Engagements and Aſſignations; He riſes at Ten, tattles over his Tea-Table till Twelve, Dines, Dreſſes, waits upon his Miſtreſs, drinks Tea again, flutters about in Publick 'till it is dark, then to the Tavern, knocks into College at Two in the Morning, ſleeps 'till Ten again, and diſpoſes of the following Day, juſt as he did of the laſt: He affects great Company, and ſcrapes Acquaintance with* golden Tufts *and* brocaded Gowns; *and after a courſe of Studies of this Nature for three or four Years, he huddles over publick Exerciſes, diſputes and paſſes Examination in the Sciences after the modern Faſhion, without underſtanding a word of what, like a Parrot, he is taught memorially to utter: He then canvaſſes and obtains his* Grace *amongſt the Ladies, and takes his Degree with uncommon Marks of Honour; and thus paſſes for a moſt profound Scholar, meerly by being an arrant Blockhead. This Claſs of Men is very numerous amongſt us, and daily encreaſes without Controul, to the great*

Scan-

Scandal and Diſcredit of all uſeful Learning, and is an Enormity of very bad Conſequence, as it may in Time ſap the Foundation of the moſt famous and flouriſhing Univerſity in the World.

But the Miſchief does not ſtop here; for alas! We have too many Inſtances of unfortunate Gentlemen, who not only neglect their Studies, and fruſtrate the prudent Purpoſes of their indulgent Parents, but who, Step by Step, are often prevail'd upon to throw off all ſenſe of Duty and Intereſt, to involve themſelves into inextricable Ruin, and their Friends into the bittereſt Sorrows, by marrying ſome tit Thing or other of mean Parentage, and ſuſpected Morals: And this is indeed a Thing ſo very practicable upon young Men of raw Judgment and warm Inclinations, and there are ſo many of theſe Kidnapping Females ſtill upon the Watch, and ſeeking whom they may devour, that it is enough to diſcourage a fond Parent or a careful Guardian, from ſending his Son or his Ward to a Place which abounds with ſo many Deceivers, (who take all poſſible Opportunities of ſerving their pernicious Deſigns) and where they muſt be aſſaulted

assaulted by so many bewitching Temptations. Our OXFORD FORTUNES *are justly branded for a Proverb all over the Nation, for they really rise out of the lowest Dregs of Mankind; The Daughters of our* Coblers, Tinkers, Taylors, *and of the most scoundrel Professions set out with a Dancing-School Education, and trap themselves out in all the outside Gayity they can afford; so that they are to be known from true Gentlewomen, only by their unconquerable Pride and awkard Insolence. It is at* Oxford *no Rarity to see a poor Man work hard for a Twelve-Month, to make his Girl look fine on a Sunday, and almost starve his Family at Home in order to gratifie his Vanity and Ambition Abroad. I would not willingly from hence be thought to insult my Inferiors, nor to treat any Fellow-Creature opprobriously, because Fortune has placed him in a lower Scene of Life than my self, since my Design is only to let them know that they are not to look above themselves, but to be contented with their own humble Condition, and not by infamous Methods endeavour to raise themselves by ruining of others; and to warn my Fellow-Students to shun all Commerce with such aspiring* Beggars, *to shut their Eyes to*

their

their Beauty, and their Ears to their Inchantments; to purſue their Studies with unwearied Application, to make the beſt uſe of the Talents and Opportunities which are intruſted to them, to do every Thing in its proper Seaſon, and not leave the ſublime and uſeful Leſſons of Philoſophy, for the prettieſt Whore *in Chriſtendom.*

I have one Thing more to mention before I conclude. I hope Mrs. T-rr-l *will now be convinc'd, that there is in the Univerſity one who, if he has not* Senſe *enough, has at leaſt* Courage *enough to attack the* Oxford Beauties *in a Satire, and I would therefore adviſe her for the future to be more modeſt, and not ſet ſo great a Value upon her ſelf and her Friends, as to think their Perſons ſacred and inviolable. They are not always to be* Phylliſed *up in fulſom Panegyrick, and it would better become them not to grow ſo inſolent when they are, for fear ſome bold, impudent Fellow like my ſelf, ſhould riſe up and diveſt them of their borrowed Excellencies, and ſhew them naked in their own proper Deformities: Their Champion has made* Nymphs, Angels,

gels *and* Goddesses *of 'em all; I have shewed them in a quite different Light, and which of us has drawn the Picture most like the Original, I am willing to leave the Impartial World to determine.*

STRE-

STREPHON's Revenge:

A SATIRE on the

OXFORD Toasts.

AT length with Vengeance burſts my raging Vein,
Nor longer will th'imprison'd Wrath contain;
Thy Shame, oh! *Oxford*, in reluctant Verſe,
Juſtice and Honour force me to rehearſe:
Long did I ſtrive inchain'd my Rage to keep,
And ſooth'd the Tumults of my Blood aſleep,

I wav'd th'ill-natur'd Task from Time to Time,
While filial Duty ſeem'd to check the Rhime,
But all in vain to quench my Gall conſpire,
Rage ſpurs me on, a Fury ſtrings my Lyre.

And ſee! to baniſh all remaining Fears,
Our LEARNED MOTHER to my Eyes appears;
'Twas Noon of Night, when bleſt with ſweet (Repoſe,
The pleaſing Viſion to my Fancy roſe,
Thro' ambient Darkneſs, venerably bright,
The graceful Dame deſcended to my Sight;
A Lawrel-Crown her hoary Temples grac'd,
Her ſtately Limbs a ſable Stole embrac'd,
Two River-Deities on either Side,
Pour'd from their fruitful Urns the ruſhing Tide;
Iſis and *Charwell*, thro' the World renown'd,
Their Brows with ample Wreaths of Sedges (crown'd,

The

The Virgin-Muſes gently march'd before,
And in their Hands immortal CATO bore;
Behind, the Arts and Sciences were ſeen,
With ſtudious downcaſt Looks and thoughtful Mein;
Ready to ſpeak the rev'rend Form appear'd,
And liſt'ning, theſe propitious Words I heard:

" Fear not, my Son, in this degenerate Age
" To give a Looſe to thy ſevereſt Rage,
" The ſtench of Brothels, and the filth of Stews,
" Call loud for Cenſure, and demand the Muſe;
" Within our Walls a num'rous ſhameleſs Race
" (To uſeful Arts and Learning a Diſgrace)
" Seduce to Folly the unpractis'd Youth,
" And turn his Footſteps from the Paths of Truth;
" While in our Schools declining Science fails,
" And Love alone and Gallantry prevails;

" *Oxford* seems tott'ring to her sudden Doom,
" And *Athens* a mere *Paphos* is become.
" O! rise in all thy Rage, chastise the Times,
" And Female Frauds unveil in daring Rhimes;
" Describe to view their Follies and Delights,
" Their vicious open Days, and hidden Nights;
" Nor think that *Duty* binds Thee to conceal,
" What Justice, Truth and Virtue would reveal,
" To punish reigning Vice deserves our Love,
" And to be Silent now, is to approve."
She said, and vanish'd from my gazing Sight,
Sleep loos'd my Eyes, and I awoke to Light.

Far hence let ev'ry softer Thought remove
Of childish Pity, and unmanly Love;
Let dull Compassion in my Bowels sleep,
And thro' my Breast Satyric Whirlwinds sweep;

Ye

Ye Fiends and Furies my Revenge inſpire,
Swell up my Heart and ſet my Soul on Fire;
Transfuſe your rankeſt Gall into my Veins,
And keen as *Oldham*'s, prompt my Vengeful Strains.

My Prayer is heard, for now the riſing Spleen
Swells all my Breaſt, and in my Face is ſeen;
With livid Flames my glareing Eye-balls roll,
And tenfold Vengeance wraps my lab'ring Soul:
My ev'ry Limb with boundleſs Fury ſhakes,
And round my Temples hiſs the twining Snakes:
Huſh'd are a while ev'n Love's tempeſtuous Tides,
And the fierce Torrent of my Blood ſubſides;
A while my beauteous LAURA I deſpiſe,
And all the Softneſs of my nature dies;
Within my Breaſt no wonted Paſſions move,
Heal'd are my Wounds, and I forget to Love.

With

With gen'rous Grief I mourn our *Oxford*'s Fate,
Her fading Glories and declining State;
The Muſes, baniſh'd by an Harlot-train,
In other Lands renew the Tuneful Strain;
Homer and *Virgil* quit diſgrac'd the Field,
And to the Skillful Dancing-Maſter yield;
Our *Colleges* grow elegantly dull,
Our *Schools* are empty, and our *Taverns* full.
The gowned Youth diſſolves in am'rous Dreams,
And *Pedantry* to him all Learning ſeems;
He waſtes his Bloom in Vanity and Eaſe,
And his Chief Studies are to *Dreſs* and Pleaſe.

From Place to Place the *Dunghil-tribe* I fly,
And ſtrive, in vain, to ſhut them from my Eye;
If thro' the lonely, ſmiling Meads I ſtray,
And by the *Charwell* pace my Thoughtful Way,

Loud

Loud Female Laughters reach my distant Ears,
Before my Eyes the tawdry Manteau glares;
I shun th'approaching Sight, to Madness wrought,
And lose in Air the scatter'd Train of Thought.

If to the *Tavern* social Mirth invites,
With constant Pain I spend the joyless Nights;
Scrawl'd on the Glass I read the hated Names,
While my swoln Breast with Indignation flames,
The whining Blockheads, each his Toast assign,
And pall, with nauseous Praise, the gen'rous Wine;
I fret, I rail, with angry Bile I fume,
And broken Pipes and Glasses strew the Room.

Sometimes I turn the golden Antients o'er,
Or LOCKE, the second *Stagyrite*, explore;
From Argument to Argument I stray,
And follow close where Reason points the Way;

Some-

Sometimes I drink at the *Pierian* Spring,
And trembling wanton on a youthful Wing;
But ſtill the wonted Scene my Thought employs,
Cloggs all my Studies and dilutes my Joys.
Ev'n Sleep to me denies the needful Reſt,
Or ſleeping, Fancy haunts my troubled Breaſt;
The Plague and Torment of the Day returns,
And with Revenge my Soul in Slumber burns.

Nay, if at *Church* I bend the ſuppliant Knee,
Nor then from their damn'd Preſence am I free;
The loathſome Object ev'n purſues me there,
I burſt with Fury in the midſt of Prayer;
Juſt as in fervent Tranſports I expire,
And my Soul mounts on Wings of hallow'd Fire,
Some haughty, worthleſs Minion meets my Sight,
And checks Devotion in its middle Height;
With Scorn upon each maudlin Face I dwell,
And with a pious, ſilent Madneſs ſwell.

When

When the loud Organ to the Anthem plays,
And thro' the various Notes harmonious ſtrays,
O! how demure the liſt'ning Harlots leer,
And drink the Muſick in at either Ear;
How the Sluts languiſh with deceitful Pride,
And ogling drop the pretty Head aſide:
In Church they practiſe each new Female Air,
And to a *Playhouſe* turn the *Houſe of Prayer*.

Well for the Church may pious Chriſtians fear,
And from its Dangers judge its Downfal near,
Since it is now become the publick Mart,
Where female Quacks diſplay their Emp'rick Art.
Hither for Sale throng many a ſhining Toaſt,
The lawful Goods of him that proffers moſt;
Beauties of every Sort and Size appear,
That pleaſe all Fancies and all Prices bear;
The Tall and Short, the Jolly and the Lean,
Of ev'ry Age from Forty to Fifteen;

Black, Brown and Fair are rang'd in different Pews,
That amorous Cuſtomers may pick and chuſe:
Here ſanguine Youths, diſpos'd for married Lives,
And future *Parſons* are ſupply'd with Wives.

Not more debas'd the Sabbath was of old,
When *Flocks* and *Herds* were in the *Temple* ſold;
Nor is the modern Practice more prophane,
Which in the *Romiſh* Church they ſtill retain,
Which to each Cut-throat Raſcal deigns Relief,
And from the Gallows ſcreens the flying Thief.

Still on my Muſe, and ſay what various Arts,
What Cheats are practis'd on unthinking Hearts;
When in full *Balls*, in dazzling Splendor gay,
Their active Limbs and Breeding they diſplay;
With Antick Airs they ſpeed their Steps around,
And to the Fiddles foot the trembling Ground;

While

While, as ſublime with airy Feet they fly,
The jaunty Whalebone ſhews the naked Thigh,
The Damask Shoe, enrich'd with curious Art,
And Scarlet Stocking pierce the Coxcomb's Heart;
Charm'd with her pretty Shape and ſwimming Air,
He ſwears that *Venus* is not half ſo fair;
How quick her Eyes, how matchleſs is her Face!
How skilfully ſhe moves! with what a Grace!
On ev'ry Note his wanton Wiſhes ſoar,
He ſmiles and hums a Lufcious Sonnet o'er;
While leering ſhe obſerves his ſparkling Eyes,
Drunk with hot Luſt, and triumphs in her Prize;
With dimpling Smiles ſhe feeds his young Deſires,
And adds new Fuel to his growing Fires:
If with obſequious Poſture he advance,
And begs her for his Part'ner in the Dance,
She curt'ſies low, is proud of the Command,
And with a ſeeming Pleaſure grants her Hand;
At ev'ry Round, the am'rous Fool to pleaſe,
She feels unbluſhing the laſcivious Squeeze;

Caught by inveigling Arts and wily Charms,
He throws himself distracted in her Arms;
The ready Priest his Curse with Marriage crowns,
He weds, and in a Fortnight hangs or drowns.

Why need I mention, to complete the rest,
How these fair Vermin all our Paths infest?
From Garret Windows, with a wistful Eye,
They mark each single Gown that passes by,
And like Boys gaping at some Raree-Show,
With hireling Toasts the Doors are throng'd below,
In ev'ry publick Walk, in ev'ry Street,
You'll never fail unnumber'd *Belles* to meet,
So many, that should each fond Mother's Son
For *better or for worse* sollicit one,
The *Colleges* would fail, and many a Fair
Must go without a Scholar to her Share.

Backwards and forwards to the neighb'ring Shops,
Cenſorious *P——ne* in dirty Night-Gown pops,
Herſelf moſt free at Female *Freedoms* rails,
And jaunts from Street to Street with Scandal-
(Tales;
While num'rous others, ſtudious to be ſeen,
Feign Goſſip-Errands and divert the Spleen:
Ambling they trip by ev'ry *College*-Gate,
To pick up ſtraggling Hearts and mend their
(ragged Fate.

Ceaſe, gentle Youths, unjuſtly to complain,
That the Nymph's cruel and you ſigh in vain;
Alas! with pitying Ears they hear you moan,
And for one ſingle Asking, are your own,
Nay, oft, if baſhful and reſerv'd you prove,
They'll ev'n ask firſt and humbly court your
(Love.

But

But fly, oh! fly from their deſtructive Charms,
Fly from th' Embraces of their op'ning Arms;
For you will elſe bewail, alas! too late
Your ruin'd Fame and your abandon'd Fate.

I know a Youth, whom not ignobly born,
His careful Sire (to poliſh and adorn
His tender artleſs Mind) to *College* ſent;
He came, and, oh! behold the dire Event!
New from the Rod, and Stranger to Mankind,
Each fair Appearance won his eaſy Mind;
As yet Experience had not fledg'd his Wings,
But, as they ſeem'd, he judg'd of Men and Things:
Thus ev'ry *Puritan* with him was pure,
And to be Pious was to be Demure:

With

With him each glaring Female was divine,
Gay were the Tawdry, and the Shewy fine;
Thoughtleſs and unſuſpecting of Deceit,
Thro' the dark Guiſe he could not ſee the Cheat.
When now but a few Moons had paſs'd away,
To Female Cunning he became a Prey;
On a proud dainty Quean he caſts his Eyes,
And Fires, 'till then unknown, within his Breaſt
ariſe.
At firſt with Goldneſs, politickly coy,
The ſly young Baggage ſhunn'd the whining Boy;
If he deſir'd the favour of a Kiſs,
With ſeeming Paſſion ſhe deny'd the Bliſs;
From his warm Lips ſhe oft withdrew her Hand,
For ſo did the old Mother-Crone at home com-
mand.
Her artful Coyneſs doubled his Deſires,
And blow'd thro' ev'ry Vein the ſpreading Fires.

At

At length by ſlow degrees, in Treachery skill'd,
She grows more pliant, and begins to yield;
With ſome Reſpect ſhe now receives his Suit,
And hangs within his reach the tempting Fruit;
While he to vicious idle Courſes takes,
His *Logick-Studies* and his Pray'rs forſakes;
Pufft up with Love, a ſtudious Life he loaths,
And places all his Learning in his Cloaths;
He *Smarts*, he Dances, at the Ball is ſeen,
And ſtruts about the Room with ſaucy Mein.
In vain his *Tutor*, with a watchful Care,
Rebukes his Folly, warns him to beware;
In vain his *Friends* endeavour to controul
The ſtubborn, fatal Byaſs of his Soul;
In vain his *Father* with o'erflowing Eyes,
And mingled Threatnings, begs him to be Wiſe;
His Friends, his Tutors, and his Father fail,
Nor Tears, nor Threats, nor Duty will prevail;
His ſtronger Paſſions urge him to his Fall,
And deaf to Counſel, he contemns them all.

In

In Wedlock-Sheets he ſtains his gen'rous Birth,
And baſely mixes with *Plebeian* Earth;
Too late, diſheir'd, he vents unfruitful Sighs,
For ever baniſh'd from his Father's Eyes.

Well might ſuch Troubles daunt a youthful Mind,
But his ſeverer Fate is ſtill behind;
For ſoon his fiery, raging Blood grows cool,
And thro' the Husband he deſcries the Fool,
And now, the firſt tumultuous Raptures o'er,
His Nerves all ſlacken, nor will furniſh more;
His tender Years, unequal to the Dame,
Sink down o'erburthen'd with the furious Flame;
While ſhe, inſatiate Vixon, to his Face
Upbraids his coward Blood and cold Embrace;
From hence inceſſant, Cuckold-Fears ariſe,
That ſome one his deficient Strength ſupplies;
He damns himſelf and his fallacious Heart,
That fondly yielded to the *Syren*'s Art.

Expell'd from College, thro' the ſneering Town,
With meagre Cheeks He ſaunters up and down;
His livid Eyes his Boſom Pains confeſs,
He grows more jealous, as his Love grows leſs.

Forewarn'd, oh! ſhun the glitt'ring, tempting Bait,
And learn from hence the fond Adventurer's Fate;
Learn hence the fair Impoſtor to deſpiſe,
Your Fame, your Welfare, and your Peace to prize;
Nor let the wanton World by Proverb boaſt,
That ev'ry Sempſtreſs is an *Oxford* Toaſt:
No more let Scholars be content to chuſe
What ev'ry Scoundrel Tinker would refuſe;
Aſpire beyond the common *Merton* Crowd,
The Vain, the Lewd, the Impudent and Proud;
Fear not abroad to find ſome pitying Dame,
With artleſs Beauty crown'd and ſpotleſs Fame,
Blooming and Sweet as op'ning Roſes are,
Chaſt as *Minerva*, and as LAURA fair.

O!

O! *Thou* who whilome on th' *Oxonian* Plains
Carold'ſt with laviſh Art thy fulſome Strains,
In pompous Verſe deſcrib'd'ſt each common Flirt,
And ſtrung'ſt thy Lyre to Impudence and Dirt;
Say, how did thy deluded Fancy dream?
What flatt'ring God inſpir'd the doggrel Theme?
What ſpecious Reaſons could thy Soul entice,
To turn the Laureat-Sycophant to Vice?
On *Oxford Beauties* to employ thy Muſe!
'Twas the moſt barren Subject thou could'ſt chuſe;
Such venal Drabs! a proſtituted Race,
Nor leſs devoid of Beauty than of Grace:
Why did not *Billingſgate* thy Fancy raiſe?
Why did not *Drury-Lane* partake thy Praiſe?
Since to thoſe famous Parts in Crowds repair
Nymphs full as modeſt, and by much more fair.

Beauty in *Oxford* is a Thing ſo ſcarce,
That all thy Panegyrick turns to Farce;
As well thou might'ſt contend for Truth at Court,
Where ſervile, fawning PENSIONER's reſort;
With equal Juſtice might thy Numbers paint,
A Bawd a Veſtal, or a WHIGG a Saint;
For her fine Shape and Mien praiſe Cook-Maid *Moll*,
And HOADLY for Church-Diſcipline extol.

But more; allowing your *Oxonian* Tribe,
To be thoſe glorious Angels you deſcribe;
Bright let 'em be and heav'nly at your Will,
And dreſs 'em out in all your laviſh Skill;
Yet, why is Beauty to one Place confin'd?
Whence roſe that *Gothick* Fancy in thy Mind?
Is *Oxford* then, of all the World below,
The only Soil, where pretty Women grow?
And does no other Place fine Beauties bear?
Or why does *Venus* fix her Empire there?

Well,

Well, in one Senſe, I muſt confeſs, ſhe may,
For *Venus* is a Whore —— and ſo are They;
In *Bullock's*-Lane our *Oxford* Beauties ply,
And *Venus* is the Strumpet of the Sky;
In *Merton* with his GRACE *Belinda* lay,
And *Mars* with *Venus* in the Milky-Way.

Ungenerous Bard! in vain by thee deny'd,
Beauty and Love in ev'ry Clime reſide;
Party to many a fatal Vice gives Birth,
Has baniſh'd Truth and Juſtice from the Earth;
By Turns contending Right and Wrong prevail,
As pow'rful, lawleſs Party holds the Scale:
Party can ſolemn plighted Vows deſpiſe,
Breaks thro' all Faith and laughs at Friendſhip's (Ties,
Religion and the *Church* it can betray;
O! let not Beauty too become its Prey,
Love only in this World is wholly free,
In which all Nations and all Sects agree;

Love

Love is to Riches and to Honours blind,
It ſoars above the World and leaves behind
The num'rous, vain Diſtinctions of Mankind;
No ſordid worldly Views foment the Flame,
All Nations and all Parties are the ſame;
With equal Luſtre equal Beauties ſhine,
And jarring Factions in one Praiſe combine;
With equal Force the Gazer's Eyes they ſtrike,
And *Whig* or *Tory* charm the Soul alike;
A LAURA can the furious Bigot charm,
And the moſt rooted Prejudice diſarm.

Forbear, raſh Bard, to ſtain thy faireſt Rhimes
With the moſt impious of theſe impious Times;
Preſerve unbroken thy *Poetick* Truſt,
And only publiſh Praiſe where Praiſe is juſt;
Forbear, nor vainly thus expect Renown,
For ſee! the *Muſes* and *Apollo* frown.

To other loftier Themes exalt thy Wings,
To Wars, to Treaties and Confed'rate Kings;
Say how victorious to the ecchoing Skies,
O'er the proud TURK the Chriſtian Eagle flies;
Say where will next the *Britiſh* Thunders roar,
What diſtant Regions will our Ships explore;
Deſcribe the SPANIARD in his Schemes o'er-
(thrown,
And paint the Monarch nodding on his Throne.

Mean while Poetick Vengeance I purſue,
And keep our *Oxford* Minions ſtill in View;
Unmov'd with Fear I ſhake the wholeſome Rod,
And tread the Paths that great *Lucilius* trod:
Folly and Vice I laſh in ev'ry Shape,
Nor Beauty without Merit ſhall eſcape;
As yet I have but half diſcharg'd my Mind,
One Part of my Revenge is ſtill behind,
For now the Muſe prepares in biting Verſe,
Their branded Names unſparing to rehearſe;

Secure

Secure of Truth, I ſcorn each threat'ning Word,
The Coxcomb's Slander and the Bully's Sword;
Do---ſwell with Spleen and burſt with furious Spight,
For that would more than double my Delight;
Then moſt I triumph, when I'm rail'd at moſt,
For Satire is, without Reſentment, loſt.

The Task, O Muſe! begin, let Truth be known,
Take from each Nymph the Colours not her own;
Unmask to View their Vanity and Pride,
And draw the Veil of Flattery aſide.

Firſt in our Cups, the Sovereign Queen of Toaſts,
B——y ſuperiour Fame and Honour boaſts,
In all the Pomp of modern Breeding nurs'd,
In Beauty and in Impudence the firſt;
Thro' every Club her ample Fortune ſounds,
Which, duly reckon'd, makes ſix thouſand Pounds;

With

With such a Sum what Woman need despair?
Half were enough to make a Dozen fair:
In diff'rent Stocks indeed the Mony lies,
One Thousand in her *Teeth*, *her Lips*, and *Eyes*:
Two Thousand more her *Family* is worth,
And honestly her *Breeding* makes a Fourth:
Her *Cloaths* and *Jewels* for another stand,
All of the best, and bought at cheapest Hand:
These are together Five; to which affix
One more in ready Specie, which makes Six.
Thrice happy! whom such various Charms adorn!
Well-bred, well-dress'd, well-featur'd and well-born.

That not unlovely is her Face 'tis true,
And some Respect is to her Lineage due;
But then too much she puts her groundless Trust,
In a few brittle Charms and mortal Dust;
Soon will old Age or Death that Form surprize,
And quench the Starry Lustre of her Eyes;

Diſeaſe the Lilly and the Roſe may blaſt,
And her Face grow unpleaſing as her Waiſt.

Groſly the * flatt'ring Bard his Heart bely'd,
When canting he bewail'd her Want of Pride;
Juſt as if one ſhould take it in his Pate
To call the fierce *Achilles* too ſedate,
To mourn too temperate the *Epicure*,
Phædra too chaſte, and *Clodius* too demure.
Oft have I ſeen her, fortify'd of Face,
Leer, gloat and ogle on his paſſing GRACE;
With ſofter Airs ſhe rolls her Eyes around,
And careful, treads with nicer Art the Ground;
When if perchance ſome meaner Youth ſhe meet;
She lifts her Head, and ſcornful ſweeps the Street;

She

* Alluding to a Copy of Verſes to her, under the Name of *Celia*, beginning,

Prithee, Celia, *get ſome Pride*,
Celia *has all Charms beſide.*

She low'rs, she frowns, she mocks his humbler (Fate,
And sneers his tatter'd Gown, or rustick Gate.

Contemptuous Wretch! thy fancy'd Triumphs (cease,
Think not we'll pine for Fat and die for Grease;
Thy Bulk of Tallow and unshapely Size,
Not move our Passion, but offend our Eyes;
On thy coarse Brawn we look with equal Scorn,
As in thy Kitchen thou wast bred and born;
Thro' thy rank Pores the Goat perspiring fries,
And with unwholsome Odours taints the Skies.

To *Celia* next in Fortune and in Blood,
Than *Celia* much less charming and more proud,
Belinda crowns the Glass, a constant Name,
Of Morals vitious, careless of her Fame;

Such matchleſs Crimes *Belinda*'s Boſom taint,
Celia, compar'd to her, ſeems half a Saint:
Celia is Vain and Impudent withal,
Will ſtare at Church, and ogle at the Ball:
Celia has many Faults, *Belinda* more,
Celia is lewd, *Belinda* is broad Whore;
Nor raſh, nor ſpiteful is the Charge, nor new,
'Tis a bold ſhocking Word, but it is true;
Nor do I firſt divulge *Belinda*'s Shame,
For ev'ry Boy in Town has heard the ſame;
'Tis what the Goſſip would by Hints imply,
And Town and Country know as well as I.
Chaſt *Cynthia* bluſh'd, the Stars withdrew their (Light,
And Heav'n and Earth abhorr'd the impious (Sight,
Whilſt in his *Grace*'s Arms ſhe panting lay,
And kiſs'd and hugg'd the ſilent Night away;
With mutual Heats they kindle to Deſire,
They gripe, they languiſh, murmur and expire.

Well,

Well, O ye Sons of MERTON! you exclude
From your Receſſes this licentious Brood;
No more by Day they haunt your crowded Groves,
Nor ſtain by Night with their unhallow'd Loves:
Henceforth ſome other publick Walk they ſeek,
To meet their bluſt'ring Coxcombs once a Week.

In vain, *Belinda*, to thy Pride a Slave,
You mend by Art, what frugal Nature gave;
Paint, Paſte and Waſh, and Leaden-Combs in vain,
With various Charms thy native Features ſtain:
For tho' in pureſt black thy Treſſes flow,
And tho' thy Cheeks with bluſhing Beauties glow,
Yet think us not ſo blind, ſo ſtupid grown,
To take thoſe borrow'd Beauties for thy own:
Think not, dear Cheat, that we ſo ſoon forget
How the deep Carrot yielded to the Jet;

How

How the fair Lilly on thy Neck too Place,
And ſudden Roſes flush'd thy ſallow Face.

So in the Fable, impotently vain,
The Magpye ſtrutted with the Peacock's Train;
And ſo the Lyon dead, his ſhaggy Skin,
Conceal'd the latent coward Aſs within.

P---rry is next, a proud, coquetting Jade,
A Nymph abroad, at home a Chambermaid;
Her Eye-balls with no common Light'nings blaze,
And rolling, ſcatter round their luſcious Rays:
In Monkey Airs and Freedoms ſhe delights,
She walks about with Noblemen and Knights;
Familiarly affects at every Word,
To praiſe the kind Sir *Harry* and *my Lord*.
Sometimes her wanton Minutes to conſume,
She feigns a ſudden Kindneſs for the Groom;

Sets

Sets the poor Wretch agog, ſeems almoſt won,
Then laughs at the fond Fool, when ſhe has done.
Once with a Blackſmith (as Traditions ſay,
To ſhew her curious Talent in that Way)
She join'd in an Intrigue, the Plot ſhe laid,
And brought the ſmutty Lover to her Bed;
Softly upſtairs, directed by the Dame,
To the right Door the Fornicator came;
His ſinewy Limbs the raviſh'd Lout undreſt,
And ſtepping into Bed his Fortune bleſt;
Where for a little Space alone he lay,
And blam'd impatient her long tedious Stay;
When now his Miſtreſs came into the Room,
Cries Vulcan, Lord! my Dear, I'm glad you're come;
Then nimbly ſpringing out upon the Ground,
He ran and claſp'd the ſtruggling Damſel round;
While ſhe all trembling with diſſembled Fear,
Exclaims, what does the naſty Fellow here!
She ſtarts and ſcreams, and feigns a diſmal Fright,
And running to the Stairs ſhe calls for Light.

Up comes at once old *R--n--y* and his Wife,
And his Son *Tom*, the Comfort of his Life;
Here *Robin*, *Jack*, conduct this Raſcal down,
And ſouſe him in the Horſe-pond till he drown.
In vain for Mercy ſues the pitying Dame,
And whelming Waters quench his rampant (Flame.

The haughty *Tr---ghs* (by Nature ſeem de-(ſign'd
To Satyrize the Pride of Womankind;
Heav'n made 'em ſtalking Proud and Poor beſide,
(Two old Companions, Poverty and Pride!)
With airy Inſolence they tread the Streets,
And flout at ev'ry earthly Thing they meet;
Nothing can their unvulgar Fancies pleaſe,
An Hoop, or Head-Dreſs oft diſturbs their Eaſe.
Partial on ſome they look with envious Eyes,
And whom they envy not, they ſtill deſpiſe,

They

They ask the Critick with a squeamish Air,
No Man is handsome, and no Woman fair;
This is too formal, and too airy that,
The Lean are *May-poles*, *Porpoises* the Fat.
Pride less than theirs made *Lucifer* rebel,
And with the falling Angels peopled Hell;
Three Stories high they dream of *Garter'd* (Heirs,
Of Coronets, and Stars, and *Flanders* Mares;
Exactly they have learn'd the Female Trade,
To boast of Conquests which they never (made;
Such Favours one receiv'd from such a Lord,
Who promis'd Marriage, — but forgot his (Word:
This Fan says one, (Deuce take him for't) was (broke
By some great Duke — to whom she never (spoke;
Then on a sudden will they run you o'er
Of civil Noblemen perhaps a Score:

They think where'er they look they ſurely wound,
And vainly ſhoot their murd'rous Eyes a-round;
Churches and Streets they ſtrew with am-rous Slain,
And ſtern Philoſophers reſiſt in vain.
To each ſo many Rivals make Pretence,
They muſt ev'n marry in their own Defence;
Of twenty Offers that are daily preſt,
They're only at a Loſs to chuſe the beſt.

Thus rich in Fancy, with Ambition fir'd,
Deſpis'd by others, by themſelves admir'd,
Like the poor Cobler-Monarch in the Play,
Their Youth and Vigour let them dream a-way,
'Till old in Years, but youthful in Deſire,
No kind Foot-Soldier will allay their Fire.

Who knows not how a ſtupid Prieſt of late,
Aſſuming awkward Pomp and ſhort-liv'd State,
Retir'd

Retir'd a while from *Threescore* Pounds a Year,
From frugal homely Meals and bottled Beer,
From irksom Pray'r and Preaching for low Hire,
From jovial Wakes, and spunging on the Squire;
The rusty tatter'd *Crape* he laid aside,
And plum'd himself with *Dignitarian* Pride;
He wore no Symptoms of the wonted Spleen,
But tos'd his thoughtless Head like any Dean.
To *Oxford* Town the Fortune-Hunter came,
Full fifty Miles—Tom C-x-d was his Name.
In Chaise his Daughter and his Wife he brought;
Whalebones and Ribbons for the Girls are bought;
Lodgings are taken in a publick Street,
Handsom, well furnish'd, and extreamly neat;
Thro' the large Sashes, beautiful and bright,
The charming *Sally* draws the gazing Sight;

In low-priz'd Silks the gorgeous *Idiot* glares,
And walking ſhe betrays her rural Airs.
To gull the youthful Crowd, the pretty *Fool*
Trots ev'ry Morning to the *Dancing-School*:
While ſweet'ning Matrons amble up and down,
Hir'd to proclaim her Fortune to the Town;
They boaſt how many Youths in vain addreſs,
How rich her Parents are, what Sums poſſeſs,
In SOUTH-SEA-STOCKS how much, and Freehold Lands,
And how much ready Money in their Hands;
How the OLD MAN is with Preferments ſwoln;
How *fearful* leſt his Daughter ſhould be *ſtoln*.
Numbers are daily ſeen about the Door,
That like her Perſon much, her Money more.
Amongſt the reſt, unconſcious of the Snare,
A *worthy Youth* admir'd the ſilly Fair;
Nor backward of Acceſs the Nymph he found,
His Suit ſhe with *no common Favours* crown'd:

The Parson-Father seem'd to like the Match,
And the sly Mother spurr'd him to Dispatch;
She threaten'd Rivals if he made Delay,
And told what Crowds were vanquish'd ev'ry Day:
By such fine Tales decoy'd and such Deceit,
(Beneath the Gown who durst suspect a Cheat?)
In warmer Terms he urg'd his gen'rous Love,
Nor wish'd in vain her gentle Heart to move;
Her hungry *Sire* at *College* entertain'd;
With WINE and PIGEONS his Consent he gain'd:
Give me but Wine, my Load of Wine, says he,
My honest Cock, my Son that art to be;
Give me but Wine, and here accept my Hand,
Thy darling *SALLY* is at thy Command;
But to prevent all Matrimonial Strife,
Not one Word of this Contract to my Wife.

Thus

Thus on the fatal Precipice he ſtood,
Ready to plunge into the boundleſs Flood,
When *Fame*, that blabs malicious all ſhe hears,
Whiſper'd, Beware, fond Lover, in his Ears;
She told, how loſt to Honeſty and Shame,
On baſe Deſigns the *ſacred Miſcreant* came,
Some honeſt open Scholar to betray,
And lead his unſuſpecting Feet aſtray;
A ſordid Wretch, in holy Garb diſguis'd,
By all the ſober Neighbourhood deſpis'd.

The ſtartled Youth found ev'ry Accent true;
Bilk'd SPINTEXT to his Vicaridge withdrew;
Where I ſhall leave him to bemoan his Caſe,
And madd'ning hang himſelf for Want of Grace.

Nor ſhall the num'rous *S---ms* eſcape the Muſe,
For they did firſt her flowing Gall infuſe:

They

They first to Vengeance rouz'd my sleeping (Rage,
And, urg'd by them, I pen each galling Page;
Shock'd at their daring Impudence I stood,
And my warm Cheeks turn'd red with mant- (ling Blood,
While in my Face their stedfast Eyes did (shine,
And staring, mix'd their shameless Beams with (mine,
Scarce could my Tongue opprobrious Words (refrain,
And to my Vengeance I resign'd the Rein.

Where the fam'd Suburb of St. *Giles* ex- (tends,
And to his Name the sacred Dome ascends,
Where *E–ns* weekly cants with formal Art
Against the darling Vices of his Heart,
The pensive Sisters their *Seraglio* keep,
And sadly smiling thro' the Windows peep;
Blest if some straggling am'rous Youth ad- (vance
His gentle Eyes, and deigns one tender (Glance;

Whither

Whither a neighb'ring College-Bard retreats,
And meltingly his melting Rhimes repeats.
If Pride invites abroad, or Pleasure calls,
To flaunt in Publick, or to dance at Balls,
No white-glov'd *Smart* with Ruffles and Silk-Gown,
Waits on the wide-hoop'd Ladies thro' the Town;
Alone they walk, while every Gossip stares,
And Truant School-Boys mock their slattern Airs.
When Ev'ning comes, and Tom begins to roar,
The wanton Damsels romp about the Door,
Or thro' the neighb'ring close Church-yard they stroll,
Lean o'er the Walls, and on the Tomb-stones loll;
The clean white Apron glitters thro' the Dark,
The well-known Signal to the welcom Spark.

Mean while the frugal Mother sits at home,
And mourns to find no youthful Lovers come;

Year

Year after Year with fruitleſs Hope ſhe waits,
None dare to venture on the cheapeſt Rates;
In vain ſhe ope's her Doors, and bids us chuſe,
All, all her boaſted Penny-worths refuſe;
In vain each common Stratagem ſhe tries,
Extols one's Geſture, and another's Eyes;
In vain at Church on *Sundays* they appear,
Trudge round the *Parks, and thro' the (Windows leer,
In vain each Ev'ning at the Door they ſtand,
Not one goes off; —ev'n *Patty* ſticks at Hand.

Fond thoughtleſs Parent! e'er it be too late,
Thy Childrens boundleſs Vanities abate,
Teach them to drive Ambition from their (Breaſt,
And in their own Obſcurity to reſt;
Strip 'em of all their unbecoming Pride,
The ſtrutting Whalebone let 'em lay aſide;
Let 'em their gew-gaw Fopperies reduce,
Unpatch their Faces, and unlace their Shoes,

* *Publick Walks.*

Dismiss the Toilet and the Dressing-Box,
And humbly be content with Dowlas Smocks,
Be clad in Linsy-woolsy plain and tight,
And for blue Aprons let 'em change their (white.
Send 'em to Service in some Farmer's Yard,
For their own Living let the Jades work (hard,
Let 'em go feed the Hogs, and milk the (Cows,
Wash, scow'r, and brew, and daily sweep (the House;
Or if they rather chuse the Nuptial Bed,
Let 'em some honest homely Rustick wed;
Numbers of lusty Plowmen may be found,
That want in Marriage-Fetters to be bound,
Those let 'em take, to those resign their (Charms,
And riot in their sinewy clasping Arms.
Thus unaspiring let 'em lead their Lives,
And dream no more of being Parsons Wives.

Amongſt our TOASTS each Scoundrel has a Place,
If ſhe be proud, and has a Moppet-Face;
If but her Voice is languiſhing and ſoft,
If ſhe treads firm, or bears her Neck aloft;
If her Waiſt leſſens and her Breaſts ſwell high,
Has a ſmall pretty Foot, a wanton Eye;
If ſhe can dreſs, and paint, and laugh, and chat,
If ſhe can dance, romp, frolick, and all that;
If ſhe be black, or brown, or flaxen-fair,
If careleſs, and if negligent her Air,
Or if her Skin be white, or Cloaths be fine,
The Woman is of Conſequence divine:
Thus *F--dl--s*, and thus *H--y--d* are admir'd,
And thouſands are with *L--w* and *H--rw--d* fir'd;
Hence *N--l--n*, *W--ght*, and *H--rr--s* roſe to Fame,
And ſervile *Br--ks* hence grew a noted Name;

A thouſand more with Eaſe I could rehearſe,
But who would put ſuch ſordid Names in Verſe;
Crack'd Chambermaids, and common Strumpets ſome,
Bar-keepers, Sempſtreſſes, and God knows whom,
Names ev'n beneath the vileſt *Grubſtreet* Proſe,
Who from the Loins of vagrant Gypſies roſe,
Or whom, perhaps, the pedling Mother-Whore
Dropt ſecretly at ſome Church-warden's Door.
I paſs in Silence all the Rubbiſh-Train,
Nurs'd in the filthy Stews of *Bullock's-Lane.*

But if ſome waſpiſh Critick ſhould accuſe
Of canker'd Prejudice the railing Muſe,
If he ſhould think that I'm to Love a Foe,
Some ſapleſs Dotard, or demoliſh'd Beau,
That at the Sex maliciouſly I ſtrike,
And hate all Women equally alike;

False were the Charge; for Love's my con-
(ſtant Gueſt,
And reigns a Lordly Tyrant in my Breaſt;
Love does my ev'ry other Thought controul,
And is the Maſter-Paſſion of my Soul,
In Love each golden Minute I employ,
And in my *LAURA* centers all my promis'd
(Joy.
Nor do I all our *Oxford* Dames deſpiſe,
For who, uncharm'd can look on *Jennings*'s
(Eyes?
In whom a thouſand various Charms I find,
Her Form is lovely, lovelier is her Mind,
By Nature ſoft, yet ſpotleſs as the Dove,
She burns in all the Sanctity of Love;
Thro' the dark ambient Cloud of vulgar *Toaſts*
She ſhines, and far ſuperiour Glories boaſts,
As the bright Diamond on a Dunghil gleams,
And thro' the Rubbiſh darts its blazing
(Streams.
In her unite good Breeding and good Senſe,
A courtly Mien and rural Innocence,

As

As Morning mild, than highest Noon more bright,
And only *LAURA* shines with equal Light.

Folly and Vice my Indignation raise,
But when I meet with Merit I can praise;
Nay, even when the severest Things I write,
The Cause of beauteous Innocence I fight,
Depressing Vice, I raise up Vertue higher,
And who loath *Tr—l*, *Jennings* must admire.

Excuse, my *LAURA*, this ill-natur'd Flight,
And judge with Candour what I sharply write;
Nor think, my Charmer, that I rashly dare,
With impious Verse prophane the vertuous Fair,
Sooner, By Heaven! all Hardships could I feel,
And thro' my Bosom plunge the pointed Steel;
Sooner than such a Thought I could dispense,
I'd rip my Heart, and tear the Treason thence.

But now my promis'd Vengeance is com-
(plear,
No more with Throws of Rage my Pulſes
(beat,
Again my Nature is compos'd to Reſt,
And ſofter Thoughts flow in upon my Breaſt,

The ſhort-liv'd Storm within is now o'er-
(blown,
And Peace and *LAURA* repoſſeſs their
(Throne.
A while, oh! let me loſe my ſelf in Love,
Thro' the cool Grotts and ſilent Mazes rove;

Bear me, O! bear me to thoſe happy Shades,
Where youthful Poets lodge their Love-ſick
(Maids;
There let me haunt the fragrant *Jeſſ'mine*
(Bow'rs,
And load my Temples with the choiceſt
(Flow'rs;
Search ev'ry lympid Brook and Silver Spring,
And on the Myrtles hear the Linnets ſing;

On Beds of blooming Roſes let me lye,
While wanton *Cupids* friſk before my Eye;
Then when I ſleep, in all her ſhining Charms,
Let Fancy bring my *LAURA* to my Arms;

(Bleſt

Bleſt in the golden Dream I'll ſeize my Joy,
And by Deluſion all my Senſes cloy;
I'll kiſs, I'll graſp her, gaze each Beauty o'er,
And loſt in Tranſport, beg to wake no more.

FINIS.

BOOKS *printed for and ſold by* R. FRANCKLIN, *at the* Sun *againſt* St. Dunſtan's Church *in* Fleet-ſtreet.

Juſt publiſh'd,

THE Unity of the Church, and Expediency of Forms of Prayer: Illuſtrated in two Treatiſes compos'd by St. *Cyprian* the Martyr. To which is prefix'd a large Preface, ſhewing that Chriſtians of all Denominations, whether Papiſts or Proteſtants, are oblig'd to heal and compoſe the Diviſions of Chriſtendom, and thereby reſtore to themſelves the Name of the *One Catholick and Apoſtolick Church.* With a Prayer for the Dead, and a Paraphraſe on the Lord's Prayer. By the late pious and learned Dr. *Grabe.*

The Coquet; or, The Engliſh Chevalier. A Comedy; as it was acted by his Majeſty's Servants. Written by Mr. *Molloy.* Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Love in a Veil. A Comedy; as it is acted at the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-lane* Written by *Richard Savage,* Son of the late Earl *Rivers.* Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*